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TO A MAID DEMURE.

Often when the night is come,
With its quiet group at home,
While they broider, knit or sew,
Read, or chat in voices low,
Suddenly you lift your eyes
With an earnest look, and wise;
But I can not read their lore—
Tell me less, or tell me more.

Like a picture in a book,
Pure and peaceful is your look,
Quietly you walk your ways;
Steadfast duty fills the days.
Neither tears nor fierce delights,
Feverish days nor tossing nights,
Any troublous dreams confess—
Tell me more, or tell me less.

Swift the weeks are on the wing;
Years are brief, and love a thing
Blooming, fading, like a flower;
Wake and seize the little hour.
Give me welcome, or farewell;
Quick! I wait! And who can tell
What to-morrow may befall—
Love me more, or not at all.
—*Andrew Hedbrooke, in Atlantic Monthly.*

LADIES' MUSTACHES.

Removing Them With a Gold Needle and Battery.

Electricity and Acids as Destroyers of Cuticular Blemishes — Big Freckles Blanched, Wrinkles Eradicated, Warts and Birth-Marks Washed Away.

A pale young man, wearing a generally lean and hungry look and a specific brown mole on the epidermis just over his right cheek bone, passed down Fourth and up one of the cross streets at about nine o'clock last Sunday morning. When he rang the bell at the doorway of a trim brick building near Fifth street the mole on his cheek was decorated with a growth of hair which might have given his mustache odds and then beaten it by a hundred and fifty points. When he emerged, twenty minutes later, the mole was bleached to a pale tan color, and the growth of hair was gone.

"Is the doctor in?" he asked, upon servant's answering his ring.

"Yes, sir; step upstairs, please."

There were about a dozen steps to step up before the comfortably-fed figure of the doctor met him on the velvet rug at the open door of the consultation-room. The doctor was young, but a few gray hairs in his otherwise sandy mustache and an intellectual thinning of his hair in the region of the occiput told that he was not too young, but just young enough.

"Can I remove those hairs from the mole on your cheek?" he repeated in answer to the young man's question. "Yes, sir, I most certainly can do so, and not only that, but I can remove the mole as well."

"How much?"

"From a nominal up to an indefinite price."

"Ah."

"If you wish the hairs taken away temporarily and a bottle of depilatory with which you may remove them yourself in after times, the charge will be nominal; but if you wish the hair eradicted root and branch, so that it will never return, and the mole colored to the normol condition of the enticle, the operation will require several sittings and the charge be correspondingly increased. Excuse me, one minute."

He touched his finger to the hairy mole and examined it closely for a second.

"There are just nine strong hairs on this blemish," he said. "I can remove them with electricity at one sitting; but the removal of the discoloration will be a work of at least four operations."

"Fire away."

"Take a seat in that chair, please." He indicated a plush-covered arm-chair with a rounded head-rest, and after the victim was seated he brought out from an inner room a black leather box, from which dangled the insulated wires which accompany every electric battery. To the end of one of the wires was affixed a sponge electrode and to the other a very slender, thorn-pointed needle was delicately clamped.

"Now then," he said, pushing back his cuffs with that brisk, professional air which is associated with the tender memories of dental experiences, "this box contains an eight-cell electric battery. This sponge, which you will grasp in your right hand, please—ah, thank you—is the positive pole. This needle—made of gold, because that metal is susceptible of being brought to a much finer point than the finest steel needle, and the finer the point naturally the smaller will be the puncture which it will make in your skin; this needle is the negative pole. When the needle penetrates the skin and touches the root of the hair it thus completes the circuit, and a current of electricity rushes like lightning to the point of the instrument, and blasts the young hair in its prime—in fact, it kills it. Now don't start, please; sit perfectly still."

The young man felt a slight tingling when the needle point entered the cuticle. The tingling continued for about ten seconds, and a single coarse black hair dropped from his face and floated to the floor. After a similar operation had been performed eight times his cheek was as smooth as an infant's, and, beyond a slight suffusion of blood to the part, making the skin rosy and reddening the obnoxious color of the mole, there were no visible effects of the punctures.

"That hair will never come back. It is not often that I remove nine hairs from a single spot at one sitting; but you skin is so thick that I judged the ensuing inflammation would not be much, and that you could safely stand the operation; but I think it will be as well to wait two or three days before we begin to reduce the other trouble—the discoloration. Under no circumstances do I ever pull more than a dozen hairs with electricity at one sitting, and then I make it a point not to remove them in one spot, but to take them one by one from as large an area as possible. For instance, in removing objectionable mustaches from ladies' upper lips—and that is a profitable branch of my business—I first remove a hair from the extreme right end of the mustache, then from the extreme left; then from the center, and so on. By the way, have you ever noticed that generally ladies mustaches are straight—that is, they grow in a straight, cleanly marked line across the lip, and the ends are sharply defined? It is the truth, and another point is that there are rarely more than fifty vigorous hairs in a female mustache, so that few of them can not be removed in five or six sittings. I had a case the other day of allaying the inflammation occasioned by some charlatan endeavoring to uproot a whole mustache of thirty-five hairs at a single sitting. He did it, but the punishment gave the young lady a wounded upper lip, which will be rough and more or less scarred for the next six months.

"However, most ladies are afraid of the electrical treatment, preferring the depilatories, which, while not always permanent in their effects, will remove an entire mustace at one application without pain, and when continued will generally kill the papillæ in time. Let me show you how they do their perfect work on the back of your hand."

With a small camel's hair brush the doctor applied a watery liquid to a spot as large as a silver half-dollar on the hairy back of the visitor's hand. It grew warm, almost hot, for a moment, and the hair began to shrivel up and gradually disappear. In a few minutes the spot was dry, all the hair had disappeared and the place was as smooth as the center of one's palm.

"Science is a great thing, young man. That acid is composed of a number of caustics, and in sufficient quantity will eat a hole through one's hand; but when applied according to directions it merely dissolves the hair, as you have seen. In fact, in the present stage of the world's progress it is not necessary for the fair sex to suffer with any blemishes. Wrinkles disappear, freckles fade, pock-marks fill up, birth-marks are blanched, and even red noses made white by the action of acids skillfully applied."

"Has science turned its attention to the alcoholic nose?"

Yes, sir; but you must not connect all red noses with the abuse of stimullants. The corset lace is quite as effective an agent in inducing abnormal rubicundity of the nasal organ"—the doctor paused here while the visitor made a note of the phrase on his shirt-cuff. "The corset lace, I say, is quite as effective an agent in producing red noses as the whisky bottle. In most cases a red nose is the work of years, and it is generally accompanied by a thickening of the skin, which sometimes rounds out in spots, producing the bulbous blossom. In all cases the blood-vessels upon the surface are stimulated and enlarged, and it is to the reduction of these vessels, both in size and number, that our treatment is directed. The acid checks the flow of the blood which gives the color by shrinking the veins.

"Now about freckles, warts and moles. They are all removed by pretty much the same treatment; and while the instruments look simple enough, being nothing but a bottle of water-looking acid and a camel's-hair brush, in unskillful hands they are like money in a spendthrift's pocket—bound to burn. In the nature of things an acid which will eat away a wart or bleach out the coloring matter which is imbedded between the outer skin and the cutis vera, or true skin, beneath, in a mole or freckle, must be powerful; but like a strong horse, when rightly directed, it is only powerful for good. The idea of removing freckles or tan with baths of buttermilk or other mild agents is only less ridiculous than the charming away of warts with bits of knotted string. And yet there are otherwise sensible people who believe in both these remedies.

"Warts are merely enlargements of the tissue, each containing a single blood-vessel, which feeds it, while moles are sometimes enlargements, in fact, small tumors, and sometimes merely discolorations. Freckles and moth-patches belong to the same family as the moles, and when the latter are not accompanied by the tumor phase all are treated alike—that is, by the application of an acid which opens the pores and causes the coloring matter to exude and dry up. Wrinkles, pock-marks and scars are all cured by the application of an oil which, with gentle rubbing by the hands, breaks up the hard tissue forming them, starts the circulation of blood through the parts, and thus builds up a healthy growth of muscle which fills up the depressions.

"All these things are as simple as A, B and C, and when we learn how to do it it is just as easy to remove a blemish from the skin of a lady's face as it would be to remove the same stain or blemish from a piece of cloth or paper. Take a birth-mark, for instance. There are hundreds of persons moving about the city, disfigured with purple or scarlet blotches on their faces, who imagine it is necessary that their lives should be made miserable by these blemishes, when a little thought ought to teach them that bleaching is a simple process, whether applied to broom-straw or the human skin."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

NIAGARA'S FATE.

A Catastrophe Which Will Occur Twenty-Two Hundred Years Hence.

Prof. Woodward, of Washington, declares that in about 2,200 years the rock over which the falls now flow, at Niagara, will be all worn away. The area of the rock worn away at the Horseshoe Falls between the years 1842 and 1875 was 18,500 square feet, aqual to 0.425 acre; between 1875 and 1886, 60,000 square feet, or 1.37 acres. The main length of the contour of the falls is 2,300 feet. The time required to recede one mile, if the rate is 2.4 feet per year, is 2,200 years. Before this catastrophe is due, doubtless provision will be made to confine the waters of Lake Erie, so that a disastrous inundation will not take place. What wonders will have taken place before the close of these 2,200 years! Any one who has visited Niagara must have noticed that the falls have receded quite a distance from their original starting-place. In passing, it may be remarked that under the care of the State, Niagara Falls is recovering its pristine picturesqueness. The nuisances associated with it have been abolished, and it is now a noble State park.—*Domorest's Monthly.*

IMAGINARY ILLS.

Queer Notions Entertained by Many Timid Men and Women.

A young man hastened into a drug store on West Madison street the other day, and with a quick step was soon at the side of the proprietor.

"Doctor," said he, addressing the the druggist, and speaking in rapid, nervous voice which betrayed his excitement, "this little scratch on my hand was made by a rusty nail—it's bothering me a good deal; you know lock-jaw comes in this way. Try and fix me up all right."

The physician looked at his patient closely for a moment and saw a slender young man about twenty-six years old, with thin, delicate features, a smooth skin, and long, slender hands. "A highly nervous temperament," the physician said to himself, then glanced at the wounded palm which had sent him his patient. It was a little bruise about the size of a half-pea, a deep-red color in the center where the skin had been torn and fading into a pink shade toward the sides.

"Sore?" asked the physician.

"Well, not very painful," replied the young man, "only it bothers me. I scratched the palm of my hand on an old plank and got this. Of course it doesn't amount to any thing now, but I am afraid it might lead to lockjaw if something ain't done. I'd rather get the start of lockjaw than to have it get the start of me. I want something to head off that malady if possible."

The young man spoke with his accustomed rapidity. He was in an acute nervous state.

"You have something, doctor?" he asked, and the physician replied:

"Oh, yes; I'll fix you out in no time."

The man of drugs went behind his counter, busied himself with a number of big bottles for a brief while, then emerged with a small vial in his hand and told his patient to swallow a teaspoonful of the mixture once every few hours and to come to the drug store the next day and report how he was getting along. The young man walked rapidly away, and as he disappeared down the street the physician remarked:

"Now, he'll run to his room and swallow that stuff as I told him to do, and it won't have any more effect on him than so much drinking water."

"Why," exclaimed the layman, who was an eye-witness to the scene, "isn't that medicine intended to ward off lockjaw? That is what he asked for."

"He'll have no more lockjaw than you," declared the drug man, in a merry voice. "Why, there is absolutely nothing whatever the matter with him. That wound in his hand, a mere scratch! He would never have noticed it if he hadn't got hold of some blamed book or paper telling how easy lock-jaw is caused. You saw how thin he was, how excited he talked. Well, the young man is constitutionally nervous. He got that scratch on his hand and his nervous fears at once conjured up the terrors of lockjaw, so he posted off here to me.

"I had to do something for him, though; if I didn't some one else would. But the whole truth of the matter is that his case simply illustrates the truth of the old saying that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.' If he hadn't read that silly stuff about lockjaw and allowed his fears to get the best of him he'd be several dollars ahead just now and in a much better frame of mind, too."

"Do you have many such cases where people come to you for the relief from a danger that does not threaten them?"

"Lots. The hydrophobia craze—or crank is the better word—is represented here every few days. Men and women, some of them with a tiny scratch on a finger which they say was caused by a dog's tooth, want medicine to neutralize the poison they think is in their systems. Half the time these scratches are not made by a dog at all, but the people think they are, because possibly they may have caressed a little dog some time during the day. The other half are deluded by fear, but they are really concerned in having a physician attend them, and, of course, that is what I am here for."

"Any other cases?"

"Yes, the drunkard who thinks he is going to have delirium tremens. The nervous state following a debauch is prolific of some exciting fancies, not the least of which is that the victim believes he is going to have the jim-jams. These cases, however, require medicine."—*Chicago News.*

NEW YORK STYLES.

Suggestions for Ladies Who Would Dress Well and Fashionably.

Newmarkets show few changes, except the almost universal addition of a cape. A few hoods are seen, but the plain coachman's cape is preferred. Nearly all fine garments are lined throughout with satin or twilled silk, and the general finish is similar to that on men's light overcoats. But few double-breated long garments are seen in the more expensive styles.

Jerseys are in high favor and are brought out in very desirable styles. Some new patterns are covered with irridescent beads and braiding. All fine jerseys are now cut like dress waists, are whaleboned in all the seams and have an inside belt. A perfectly fitted plain corset cover of linen or coutille is worn by many ladies under the jersey and adds much to the style of the garment.

The Souvaroff jacket is a new model much in vogue. It fastens with one button only at the neck, and is rounded off over the hips, remaining open all the way down over a plastron or chemisette. At the back it forms a small basque arranged in hollow plaits; it is edged all round with fancy galloon or embroidery. The same trimming is put on over the sleeve from the shoulder to the wrist and round the lower edge; it is a plain coat-sleeve.

Belts of ivory leather, which have raised figures in the color of old ivory on a gray ground, are chosen for use with gray costumes, and a similar style with the pattern on a brown ground is worn with brown dresses. White undressed kid belts, delicate and lovely to look at, are in high favor for use with house dresses of white serge and similar goods. The better qualities are lined with satin, and some of the newest are fastened with two buckles and narrow straps.

New woolens are in pretty arabesque patterns in camaieu shades over a darker ground. The skirts are arranged in series of small plaits, alternating with large single ones, except at the back width, which is slightly draped into a puff. On the left side of this puff the plaits are caught up with long loops and ends of ribbon; this shows the underskirt, which is of plain silk or cashmere, with several rows of velvet or braid round the bottom and a narrow fluting showing just beyond the edge. The fronts are plaited and crossed over, coming down into a point a little below the waist line; the back is notched out and forms a small basque. Coat sleeves with plaited cuffs.

Feather trimming, such as is used for wraps, is used in facings and bindings for bonnets and hats. Dressy bonnets of open-meshed wire netting strung with beads will be worn until very late in the season, and with lace dresses and lace-trimmed toilets throughout the winter; lined, of course, with suitable material as the season advances. Feather and bead coronets are popular, and tiny feather pompons of graduated sizes are set around the brims of bonnets. Bead trimmings of all sorts, bead birds, aigrettes, leaves, wheat ears, balls of wire-strung jet, and every imaginable disposition of beads will be used in winter millinery. Bristling loops of jet beads strung on wire are thickly set over the entire fronts of some dressy bonnets.

Hats are of two very distinct shapes, the large chapeau of velvet with turned-up brim, trimmed in all colors with long ostrich feathers twisted together and falling down at the back, comes first; then there is the pretty, plainly-trimmed felt hat with plain flat edge. Such hats are often turned up suddenly just in the middle in front, and others are put toward the back of the head, or a little on one side. Felt shapes, like toques, are set firm and low over the forehead. Three forms dispute the palm and these are: The Spanish, composed of a straight brim and square crown, and the helmet, this resembling what the French term "le casque de voyage" at the back and looking like a high coiffure in front.—*N. Y. World.*

GERMAN EMIGRATION.

The Vast Teutonic Exodus to the United States of America.

The vast emigration from Germany in modern years and its causes are now commonplaces of contemporary history. No pause is needed here for dwelling upon the innate force and healthy stamina of the breed, its domestic family habits, its calm self-reliance and its adventurous spirit.

Keep not standing fixed and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam;
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
And stout heart are still at home.

The results are a high rate of increase in the population, and a readiness to seek afar relief from the heavy pressure of military service under which Germany and her leading antagonist are now both groaning. The statistics of German emigration are not quite satisfactory, but between 1880 and 1884 a yearly average of 172,750 left the mother countries of the empire by Antwerp, Bremen, Hamburg, Havre and Stettin. The vast majority of these went to the United States, and the greater portion of the remainder to South America. It is significant that between 1881 and 1883 125,156 emigrants renounced their German nationality. It is thus not surprising to find the table exhibiting 2,601,000 Germans outside their fatherland, of whom 2,000,000 are in the States and 110,000 in South America. In Belgium live some 43,000; among the Scandinavians, 38,000; in Switzerland, 90,000; in Holland, 42,000, and in France, where sullen hostility to "the Prussians" is but ill disguised, not fewer than 82,000. While the German Empire can reckon over 2,500,000 of her children in foreign climes, or 5.7 per cent. on the aggregate population of 45,200,000, she affords a subsistence to 293,000 natives of other countries, including 118,000 Austro-Hungarians, 35,000 Scandinavians, 28,000 Swiss, and only 17,000 French, who thus take but a poor revenge of the 82,000 Germans who have peacefully continued the invasion of French territory. The balance in Germany's favor is thus very large—2,324,000—and is only exceeded by our own.—*Nineteenth Century.*

MEXICAN SCENERY.

A Region Where One Can Find Perpetual Summer and Eternal Snow.

General Jackson, ex-Minister to Mexico, says: "The scenery of Mexico exceeds any thing in the world that has ever come under my observation, either on this continent or in Europe. The City of Mexico is 7,400 feet above the level of the sea. It is in what is called the cold country. Next to it, toward the Gulf, is the temperate country, and from there one passes into the hot country. The country about Jalapa was pronounced by Humboldt the garden spot of the world. It is distinguished from all other grand and beautiful scenery in the world by the fact that at the foot of Mount Orizava there reigns perpetual summer, while the mountain itself rises into the region of eternal snow. I have seen the mountains of Switzerland, but I never saw one that I thought comparable in grandeur and beauty to Orizava. I have watched upon an orange tree the development of the fruit from the bud, through the blossom, to the ripe orange, there in the very sight of the snow-covered mountains. I have drunk ice-water flowing from Orizava, and at the same time had in reach splendid ripe pineapples."—*N. Y. Post.*

—"Bub, did you ever stop to think?" said a grocer recently, as he measured out half a peck of potatoes, "that these potatoes contain sugar, water and starch?" "No, I didn't," replied the boy, "but I heard mother say you put peas and beans in your coffee, and about a pint of water in every quart of milk you sold." The subject of natural philosophy was dropped.—*N. Y. Herald.*

PITH AND POINT.

—"A handsome woman is dangerous," says an exchange. Perhaps this is the reason why so many men court danger.—*New Haven News.*

—In England they call it "assurance." We call it insurance over here, but the American agent usually has the other thing.—*Somerville Journal.*

—A man advertises "Garments without buttons" as a novelty. Nonsense; we've had 'em for ten years, and so has every other bachelor.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—The subject for debate this evening will be: Which has most benefited the American people—Italian opera or corned beef and cabbage?—*N. Y. Journal.*

—A new English dictionary is coming out with 240,000 words. People who are ever bent on having the last word should subscribe at once.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—Why should one naturally expect to receive civility from a parish clerk. Why, because, don't you see? he is sure to be well versed in the amen-ities of life.—*Judy.*

—An indulgent mother boasted that her spoiled and unruly little son had great strength of mind; at which an annoyed bachelor brother snarled out: "I should call it great strength of don't mind."

—Jack (displaying his feet)—What do you think of these shoes; only five dollars. Did you ever hear of any thing so cheap? Mrs. Jack—Never. How can they sell so much leather for so little money?—*Life.*

—It was very late and they were renewing for the 674th time their vows. "You'll be true to me," she cooed, "you will never tell me a base falsehood?" "Never, my darling," he murmured. Then the bell tolled one.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—Business Man—Been off again, eh? Dime Museum Man—Yes; I am nearly driven to death trying to get attractions; never saw such a scarcity of freaks. Well, I heard the other day of a man in Dakota who walked seventy-five miles to pay a bill.—*Omaha World.*

—Papa: "No, my dear, I would not wear tan-colored gloves, they do not match your dress." His heiress: "Dear me, neither they do (brightening), but then, you know, papa, I can get a dress and a wrap and a bonnet and a parasol to match the gloves."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Wife: "What do you think of the idea of my taking German lessons, my dear?" Husband: "I would advise you to do as you think best, of course, but my opinion is that you get along so famously in English that to take up a second language seems wildly superfluous."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"How can I get a head?" wails an unhappy mortal. Buy a barrel and you'll get two.—*Binghamton Republican.* If he were to buy a cabbage patch he would get more than a hundred, either one of which—judging from his "wail"—would be an improvement on the one he now wears.—*Norristown Herald.*

FOUND HIS DOLLAR.

How a Bucolic Stranger Got Even With a Smart Detroit Detective.

Detective John Webb was passing the Bates street end of the vegetable market three or four days ago when a stranger accosted him with:

"Say, I came in town the other day to git my boots fixed, and I was looking around this place a little and lost a silver dollar out of a hole in my pocket."

"But you didn't come back to look for it, did you?"

"Yes, I did. I think I lost it right over there, where I dodged a wagon. Have you heard of any one picking up a dollar?"

"No, sir."

"Seen any advertisement in the papers?"

"No. You'd better save your time."

"Why?"

"Why, man, you aren't green enough to expect to get that dollar back, are you?"

"Of course I am! Wasn't it mine? Didn't I lose it?"

"Well! Well! Some one ought to sand-paper your head!"

"They had, eh?" queried the man, as he searched around in the street. "I lost it just about here, while I was jumping out of the way of a wagon. If any body tries to rub any sand-paper on my head I'll——"

He made a dive into the dirt and fished up a silver dollar, and as he held it between his thumb and finger and danced around he cried:

"Here she is—this is the very one! I know it by the nick I cut on the edge! Ought to have my head sand-papered, had I? Well, you just bet I know my gait, and I'm a dollar ahead! It's lucky for me, though, that you didn't find it. You look just like a man who'd have chucked it into his pocket and let me go to ruin. Sand-paper! How would you like to bite a file!"

And the abashed detective couldn't say a word in his own defense.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Fishing Made Easy.

An Italian savant has discovered a new and simple method of catching fish. The bait is a musical one. As we all know, the sense of hearing is extraordinarily developed in fish. It appears that, while the slightest noise scatters them in all directions, a musical note, especially that produced by the human voice, attracts them; on hearing it they stop suddenly in their course. Signor Saretti, discovering this fact, embarked one morning on the lake of Geneva with a party of friends. He possesses a very fine deep bass voice, and striking up a National song he proved to his astounded companions the truth of his assertions. They were able by means of an aquascope to perceive the eagerness with which the piscine population gathered around the little boat. Casting over the nets they had brought, they instantly made such a catch as has rarely, if ever, been known on the lake, and they may be said, indeed, to have made another "miraculous draught on fishes."—*Gazetta del Popolo.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

HAPPY AND THANKFUL HEARTS.

Joy is in the parlor,
Fun is on the stair,
Bustle in the kitchen,
Odors in the air!
Laughter in each dimple,
Smile in every eye!
Happy little maiden,
Can you tell me why?

Uncles, aunts and cousins
Coming gayly in—
What a glad commotion!
What a joyful din!
See the hearty greetings
Given one and all,
Listen to the echoes
Ringing through the hall!

On the ample hearthstone
Leaps the glowing fire!
Hear the wondrous stories
That the flames inspire!
Grandpa is the hero
Of the festal day—
See the children crown him
In their merry play!

Oh, it's glad Thanksgiving!
Joy of all the year!
Nothing half so happy—
Nothing half so dear!
Song and sport and pleasure
Make the moments fly—
Happy hearts and thankful—
That's the reason why!
—*Mrs. R. N. Turner, in Youth's Companion.*

A WONDERFUL MACHINE.

Great-Grandfather Pritchet Surprises the Boys on Thanksgiving Morning and Teaches Them an Object Lesson.

Great-grandfather Pritchet rubbed his spectacles right and left and up and down, and blew upon them, and set them astride of his nose, and took out his nippers and pincers and drivers, and gathered together the machinery of the new, big, bright engine with all the insides and outsides of "a regular steamer"—which the boys had taken apart. And every one nudged and looked at every one else, for Great-Grandfather Pritchet was a great man in his way, and nobody could have helped looking and nudging when smoke-stacks and boilers and shafts and pipes and pistons went into a hempen bag, and Grandfather Pritchet sat on the three-legged stool shaking them up.

"What is that for, please?" ventured young Wilfred, chuckling a bit to himself.

"I'm shaking the engine together," was the reply.

"It will smash every single thing," muttered Johannes.

And Great-Grandfather Pritchet looked askew from under the glasses astride of his nose and exclaimed: "Odd! very odd!"

So it was; and every one was sure of it.

"You said you would put it together," muttered Johannes, not very gleefully, "and you are shaking it to bits!"

"How's that? Is it possible!" ejaculated Great-grandfather Pritchet, eying the bag outside; then glancing within. "No; not a bit of it. Boy, you are mistaken! It is but taking form; the parts are but selecting their attitudes; they are but preparing to combine—to slip into their appointed places."

And the nippers and pincers and hammers and drivers lay coolly on the floor, while Great-grandfather Pritchet shook the bag as before. Johannes bit his lip and turned red in the face, and twirled about on his high heel, and his brothers whispered among themselves, waiting to see what was to come next.

"It will be ruined. Grandfather—ruined and broken to bits! Please let me have the bag."

"How! Why? For what?" inquired Great-grandfather Pritchet, calmly, as if amazed. "Will it not put itself together?"

"Why, how can it without hands?" "How can it without somebody to do it?" "It takes a head as well as hands to put a steam-engine together!" three voices exclaimed.

Great-grandfather Pritchet looked gravely at his bag.

"A head as well as hands?—in other words a man. That is odd enough, to be sure!—But now answer me this: if it takes a head and hands to put a toy steam-engine together, what must it take to put a man together?—man, who is a mass of wonderful tissues, nerves, muscles, bones; man, who is sensitive and intelligent—breathing, moving, thinking; man with his wonderful body continually reconstructing itself; so infinitely delicate in mechanism that a pin's point of deviation from the proper arrangement gives anguish; so wonderfully constructed that it moves in all its complicated ways without effort and without pain;—who is to put such a creature together?"

And the three lads answered: "God."

"Now, suppose I put this steam-engine together and make it run smoothly," inquired Great-grandfather Pritchet, eyeing the bag, "what will you do for your part, Johannes; for the steam-engine is yours?"

"I shall thank you very much, sir."

Great-grandfather Pritchet stamped his foot with its buckled shoe, and Johannes knew that he had made the right answer.

"There are four of us here whom God has put together. All our joints work; all our hearts pump; our lungs take in the air and puff it out; our stomachs take charge of our food and deal it about to our wearing bodies; our ears hear, our eyes enable us to see, and our brains carry on a world of business. Which of us has a misfitted joint, or a badly made bit of machinery, or finds any thing at all wrong or out of place in his whole body? Why, not one of us; not one of us, though I am not so brisk a runner as I once was—not a soul of us! And whom have we to thank? Put on your hats, boys; the air outside, too, is clear and bright; we shall not spend Thanksgiving morning fitting steam-engines together when we have not thanked God that we are in comfortable working order ourselves. Be quick now, and fly about!"

And Great-grandfather Pritchet stamped hard on the floor with his spry, bebuckled foot, till the boys started for their hats; and the boys whisked about as though they were trying their joints, and Great-grandfather Pritchet hung the hempen bag on a nail, while he and the three younger Pritchets went to give thanks —*George Klingle, in St. Nicholas.*

Nobody Was Punished.

Once when Dr. Nathaniel Prentice was head master of a public school at Roxburgh, he threatened to punish with six blows of a heavy ruler the first boy who should be found whispering. In order that he might not omit punishing those who deserved it, he appointed a certain number of boys as detectives.

Soon afterwards, one of them called out:

"John Zigler is whispering."

John was called up and answered:

"Yes, I was whispering, but I really was not aware what I was about. I was working out a new sum, and asked the boy who was next to me to hand me an arithmetic that contained the rule I wanted to see."

Now John was a great favorite both with master and pupils, and Dr. Prentice regretted at once the hasty threat he had made; still, he told John he could not allow him to whisper, or even to escape the promised punishment.

"I wish I could avoid it, but I can not without breaking my word. Now I will leave it to any three boys you like to choose, to say whether or not I shall omit the punishment."

John agreed to this, and called up three boys, who after talking for some little time, said:

"The master's word must be kept. John must receive the threatened six blows, but they must be given to voluntary substitutes. We three will share the punishment by receiving two blows each."

John now stepped forward with outstretched hand.

"No, no, sir," he exclaimed, "they shall not be struck a blow. I will receive the punishment."

Under pretense of wiping his face, the doctor shielded his eyes, which filled with tears, and, telling the boys to return to their seats, he said he would remember that scene to his dying day. Needless to say, the punishment was never inflicted.—*Little Folks.*

Robert Fulton's Boyhood.

The boyhood of the famous Robert Fulton, of steamboat renown, was passed at Lancaster, Pa. Here are some anecdotes of him while he was at school there: On one occason his teacher reproved him for neglecting his books, and the reproof was administered after the manner of "the old masters"—with a ferule on the knuckles.

Robert straightened himself, folded his arms, and then said to Mr. Johnson:

"Sir, I came here to have something beat into my head, and not into my hand."

On another occasion he came late, and when the teacher asked the reason, Robert answered that he had been at Mr. Miller's shop pounding out lead to make a pencil. In proof of this statement he exhibited the pencil, and said it was the best he ever had in his life.

Mr. Johnson approved it, and gave the youth some words of encouragement, and in a few days nearly all the other pupils were supplied with pencils of the same kind.

It is said that when Mr. Johnson once urged him to give more attention to his studies, the boy answered that his head was "so full of original notions that there was no room to store away the contents of dusty books."—*Golden Days.*

INGENIOUS TORMENTORS.

A Class of Aggravating Persons Who Are Sure to Come to Grief.

There is a class of people who seem to delight in tormenting their acquaintances in all manner of ingenious ways. One of their favorite modes of annoyance is to make allusions to painful circumstances in the past lives or present situation of one's friends, always, of course, in a polite manner. Suppose, for instance, that a friend has committed some notedly imprudent or rash act in the course of his life, or at any time from any cause made himself a public laughing-stock, or is now suffering under some wound inflicted on his vanity or his fortune, all that one of these tormentors has to do is to bring the conversation to that point, whatever it is, and enjoy the affected tranquillity with which his friend talks of it, all the time that he knows his annoyed victim's heart is burning within him. There is one great advantage attending this mode of tormenting, and that is, it can be performed with an appearance of frankness extremely honorable to one's self. Then it looks downright, and maintains a character for plainness of speech, under favor of which you may in time become what is called a privileged person, and so be able to say all kinds of disagreeable things at all times to anybody.

Another mode of torment practiced by these people consists in acquainting one's friends with depreciatory opinions which are, or may be supposed to be, entertained of them by others. This mode may want some of the advantages of the candid plan, but it is safe and pleasant, and quite as effective. There are people who may think it mean to report things said by others, and worse than mean to invent them and say them in the name of persons who never so much as dreamt of them. But it is an acknowledged maxim amongst the honorable body of tormentors that the end sanctions the means; and as they claim that their purpose is generally the laudable one of taking down pride, or perhaps the still more useful one of inspiring a little prudence into the brains of folly, it is natural for them to suppose that, instead of blame, they deserve some public mark of approbation.

Hence, it not infrequently happens that one of these aggravating persons will pursue his detestable work of torture with a sanctimonious air, as though he were in fact performing a most benevolent and praiseworthy action. But such people are sure to come to grief in the course of time. Their friends grow fewer and fewer; they are more and more shunned by the right-minded and kind-hearted, and are finally left exclusively to their own society, which is the worst that can be imagined.—*N. Y. Ledger.*